

We made it! The Feral! Quintennial! This is our 15th event since combining three crazy ideas — A Toronto-based furry con, a Furry University, and a Furry summer camp — into one bizarre experience had now by well over a thousand furs. But instead of adorning Camp Arowhon with party ribbons and festoonery, we decided to continue our recent experiment of developing the least likely, most bizarre, and most unique camp theme we could come up with. Unique, kinda like Feral! itself!

In 2010, we transformed camp into 'Camp TeePee Lake' and invited Jason Furhees along as an homage to the slasher flick 'Friday the 13th' (which a dose of Sleepaway Camp). Drawing from the fun we had with those grindhouse classics, in 2011 we decided to pay tribute to the worst movies ever made...the ones that are so bad they're good...by creating our own b-movie 'It Came From Camp Feral!' By this point, we realized we spent all our time before camp filming offbeat videos based on our themes, so this year was no different.

What began as an attempt to simplify life and have a 'Canada' theme soon turned into "Imagine if Feral! took place in the 1950s...we could pretend Feral is over 60 years old!" From there, we all entered our usual creative state of 'temporarily insane' and came up with this: "What would happen if our imaginary Feral

Committee in the 50s and 60s actually developed Feral! 2012 for us, but tried to predict what the future would be like and planned accordingly?"

When we first announced 'Futurecamp!' the reaction was mixed...with many people asking us 'How can you do a retro-futurism theme based in the rustic surroundings of Algonquin Park? That stuff is for futuristic cities or other planets!'

We took the challenge, and with our corporate sponsor Tomorrowcorp (and celebrity endorser, Timber the Talking Dog) we ran with it: Hover Canoes, Jet Packs (with TailGuard), BearTame...all products you'd want at the futuristic summer camp! We then dumped a great amount of time and resources to step up the great b-movie series from 2011, and with help from film whiz Olefin, created the eight episode 'Futurecamp!' sitcom series complete with special effects, laugh track, and goofy situations.

This year we're also experimenting with Guests of Honour! Our first honoree for 2012 is **Arius**, the design genius behind Feral! the 13th, It Came From Camp Feral! and Futurecamp! Unfortunately he was unable to attend camp, but will do so in the near future! Our second honoree is prolific and unique (oooh, like Feral!), the incomparable **GT Skunkrat** (known to many of us as Grimal!) He has been turning black stains into art for longer than Feral! has been around



(he even designed the Feral! 2004 conbook cover!) and we are excited to have him with us in 2012!

And here we are! Once again, the ridiculous idea worked out. Once again, a bunch of furs have descended on Camp Arowhon to enjoy Feral the... quintennieth (is that a word?) And

although we're celebrating the future, we should also note that there is a rich history with this camp too. In the words of our corporate sponsor, "If you're waiting for the future...then you've already missed it!" (doo doo doo doo!)

## Code of Conduct

Camp Feral! is designed to be a fun and relaxing event for everyone – a five-day vacation from the hustle and bustle of your civilized life. However, as easy as it is to forget about the rest of the world in such a secluded place as this, remember that you are still in Canada, and still obligated to obey the law! Therefore, to ensure the safety of campers and park staff, protect the pristine nature of Algonquin Provincial Park and Camp Arowhon, and guarantee that Feral! continues to be invited back to this wonderful place for many years to come, we ask that all campers please read and abide by the Feral! Code of Conduct as follows:

### The Law

- Campers must abide by all federal, provincial, and local laws at all times.
- Common Sense. Use it! If you haven't got any, or are unsure about whether or not doing something might get you in trouble, ask staff before you do it please! :3 Remember, if it was illegal while you were waiting at Yorkdale Mall to catch the bus, it's still illegal now.

## Wildlife

- The Arowhon grounds and surrounding forest are home to a vast array of wildlife, like raccoons, chipmunks, coyotes, and foxes. Campers are asked to observe the following rules regarding wildlife:
- Do not leave food out, where it may attract wild animals.
- Do not approach wildlife or coax it to approach you. Think RABIES! Leave 'em alone!

- Do not try to feed the wildlife. They can find food well enough themselves!
- DO take pictures and admire Algonquin's wild beauty (from a safe distance, please).
- If you're curious as to why any of these rules exist, try asking a Camp Arowhon staffer. They're very nature-oriented and well-educated; heck, ecological responsibility is the sort of thing they teach their other campers the rest of the year when we're not around!

## **Orderly Conduct**

 Please maintain a level of noise appropriate to your current time and place. There are people who LIVE on the Arowhon grounds. They are in the nice houses. Please be respectfully quiet when walking by (for example, no overenthusiastic renditions of your favourite drinking song / pirate shanty / Sparklehorse tune while walking back to your cabin at 1:00am).

- Campers should cooperate fully with Feral! staff and Arowhon personnel. They are protecting you and the future of Camp Feral!, and they are probably already totally stressed out from running around like crazy all camp and the two months before it, so give 'em a break:3
- Never fight, engage in inappropriate horseplay, or do anything that directly, indirectly, or recklessly causes undue harm or disturbance to any Feral! camp function, camper, staffer, property, et cetera. Your friendly staff has spent a lot of time and effort planning this event for your enjoyment, and your fellow campers have also committed a good deal of time and money, so don't roin it for anybody else!

#### Alcohol

- ...is permitted, but only in reusable, non-disposable containers. Glass bottles and aluminum cans are NOT permitted. Plastic pop bottles, Nalgene bottles, canteens, flasks these are all good containers. Glass bottles may smash...animals may get hurt...we don't want that! We're furries!
- Be responsible! A number of great Feral! activities DO NOT MIX WELL with alcohol: Rock climbing, archery, kayaking/canoeing, and especially swimming whilst intoxicated could

land you in trouble, a hospital, or worse — and although Arowhon has a competent medically-trained staff, the nearest hospital is still several kilometres away. You're here to have a good time, so don't ruin it by doing something stupid!

 Campers who violate the alcohol policy will have their alcohol confiscated until the end of camp. Serious or repeat offenders will be subject to expulsion from Feral! and will be escorted off Arowhon property.

## Smoke & Fire

- Smoking is allowed in designated areas only, specifically the side entrance purch of the Main Lodge.
- Please dispose of ashes and butts in the receptacles provided. This is for safety as well as courtesy; it would suck to accidentally burn Arowhon down. Protect the camp!
- To that effect, NO FIRES! There will be scheduled and impromptu campfires, but unless you are a staff member or have received very specific permission from one, you should not be lighting them. If you want to start and supervise a campfire in one of the campfire circles, ask a staff member as far in advance as you can, to give us time to clear with Arowhon staff and make preparations.

## Weapowy

 Absolutely no firearms or realistic replicas thereof are allowed at Camp



Arowhon (although waterguns, water balloons, and other water-shooty-thingers are acceptable and even encouraged).

 Campers are allowed to bring their own bows for use at Arowhon's archery range, however: a) They must inform Feral! security staff that they have brought their own bow, b) bows may only be used at the Arowhon archery range, and c) the bow must be kept with the rest of the bows at the Arowhon archery range when not in use.

- Campers should leave other weapons (or anything that can be mistaken for one) at home during camp, whether it's legal to possess and carry or not. Campers should bring anything that may come into conflict with these rules to the Feral! Security for approval, or for safe-keeping until after camp. Campers must comply if Security revokes this approval at any time for any reason.
- The only weapons expressly permitted at Feral! are folding blade camping knives and straight sticks without grips.

Finally, Camp Feral! itself has a few guidelines specifically for the comfort and safety of our unique group:

#### Media

The world of video has changed A LOT since 1998 when we first started. Feral being secluded and on private property, we have the unique opportunity to enjoy ourselves without being subjected to public scrutiny. Currently, we enforce the following rules regarding media:

- Please respect the wishes of any campers who don't want to be photographed or videotaped.
- Absolutely no news media, no matter how informal, will be allowed at Camp Feral. This includes documentary crews of all kinds, and campers recording for purposes of later <u>public</u> distribution, display, or performance.

- Feral! staff may record events and discussions with campers for the purposes of archival video or promotion of Camp Feral! within the furry fandom. All testimonials will be voluntary and Feral! staff will do their best to ensure that campers who do not wish to be filmed will be edited from the video. Please keep in mind, major events such as the opening and closing ceremonies, predator/prey, or the cabin skits may be filmed.
- If you would NOT like to appear in a Feral! video, vlog or webisode we may ask to take a reference photograph of you, which will allow us to scan footage and ensure you are not a focal point in any video. We ask that you also try to stay out of the front and center of any situations where we are trying to gather footage.

## "PG-13 Con"

- Feral! prides itself on presenting a comfortable atmosphere for anthropomorphic fans of all breeds and backgrounds, and campers should act accordingly. This means, if what you're doing is making anybody around you uncomfortable in any way, stop it!
- Although Feral! is a 19+ event our beautiful setting, Camp Arowhon, is not. We ask that you respect the staff and other campers: Campers should wear acceptably concealing clothing at all times, unless changing or showering in appropriate locations. We really shouldn't have to be specific

about what this means. If what you're wearing makes anybody uncomfortable, put something more appropriate on over it.

- Public displays of affection are allowed. Honestly, it goes so much without saying that it barely needs to be addressed here. It would be ludicrous of us to try and prohibit them, even if we wanted to! However...
- For the love of Falstaff, please exercise some tact. The word of the week is tact. Everybody knows the reputation the furry community has garnered due to the sensationalized behaviour of a minority of the fandom population (CSI, anyone?). Camp Feral! challenges its campers to continue to defy the furry stereotype and live up to its reputation for putting the 'un'- back in 'conventional'! So please respect your fellow campers'

comfort zones, and conversely if someone is making you uncomfortable, inform a Feral! staff member!

## Consequences

• Feral! staff is, by any standards, an extremely laid back group. However, serious or repeat infractions of the Code of Conduct - especially in a way detrimental to the experience of other campers - will get our attention. In the (extremely rare!) event that a camper's behaviour forces us to consider expelling them from Camp, remember that Feral! is very much unlike your typical hotel convention: If a camper is asked to leave, he or she cannot simply walk out the hotel doors and back into the city. Rather, they will be escorted to the end of Camp Arowhon Road, where a cab will be waiting to pick them up.



The cab drives them to the nearest Greyhound station, where they pick up the tab for the cab ride and a bus ticket back to Toronto. If their flight home from Toronto doesn't leave for another two days, they're stock in Toronto for two days, and it's up to them to find a place to stay.

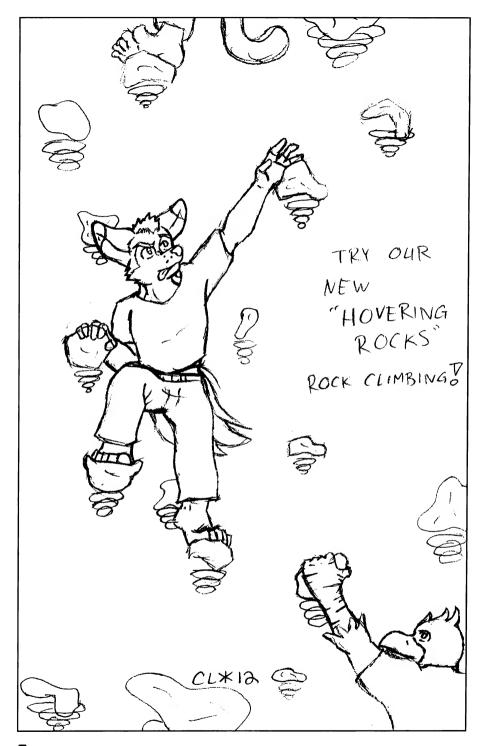
• Thankfully, expulsion is very very rare: about the only thing bad enough to warrant it would be to show downight hostility to one's commates, or to prove oneself a danger to the people/wildlife/property around them. And we haven't got any conguers like that, do we? Keep a positive attitude, use your words politely, don't say anything you will regret later, and you won't even have to worry about this section in the Code. If all else fails,

seek a staff moderator. Resorting to hostile action can only possibly make your day – and everyone else's – worse.

If you're still reading this, good! I know it was a lot, so thanks for sticking with us! If you have any questions, please feel free to ask one of your friendly Camp Feral! staffers (we're the ones wearing the nifty STAFF shirts!). To sum everything up, what it all comes down to is this: be safe, be courteous, be respectful, and most of all have fun! We're here to make sure you have a good time, let you enjoy yourselves, and make you want to keep coming back in the future!

Now, get out there and have the time of your frickin' life!





# Guest of Honor



We are honoured to have GT Skookrat, aka. Grimal, as our 2012 Guest of Honour! He is a prolific artist and creator of amazing webcomics! GT has already put his touch on Feral! — he designed the 2004 conbook cover, and created a collaborative piece with friend Ash Bearfox as a gift to Patrons as well! But enough of our words about him...here are his own:

Born long ago in far away lands during a stormy night.

Traveled long and endured ordeals to make it to Canadia.

Has been dabbling in furry since the mid 90s known with a variety of nicknames. Has drawn more porno than he cares to admit, as well as webcomics which he self-published.

Is a Software Engineer and studies Animation.

He is the most interesting skunkrat in the world.

"I don't always go camping, but when I do, I go to Camp Feral!" — GT Skunkrat

	Friday the 24th	Friday the 24th Saturday the 25th			
7:00		POLAR BEAR SWIM!		POLAR B	
7:30				)	
8:00		BREAKFAST!		BREA	
8:30 9:00		Opening Ceremonies (8:45)			
9:30		Orientation: Main Lodge	FREE TIME!	FREE	
10:00		-			
10:30		Workshops AM 1	ACTIVITIES/ Voyageur Canoe Trip	Workshops AM 2	
11:00					
11:30					
12:00		LUNCH TIME!		LUNG	
12:30		LONG	LUNCH TIME!		
1:00					
1:30		Workshops	ACTIVITIES/	<b>Workshop</b> s	
2:00		PM 1	Watermelon Football	PM 2	
2:30	Bus From Yorkdale Mall to				
3:00	Feral!, Furs Driving To Algonquin, Preparing Hover				
3:30 4:00	Canoes and Jet Packs!	MONFUR MELEE!!! Soccer Field			
4:30				PREDATO Meet at M	
5:00					
5:30	REGISTRATION!				
6:00	DINNER & IMPORTANT			DINNH	
6:30	ANNOUNCEMENTS!	DINNE	DINNER TIME!		
7:00	Cabin Set Up!	TRADING POST (6:45) in the Main Lodge		EHDDA	
7:30	Cabin Set op:			FURRY) Rec	
8:00	DRUM JAM!				
8:30	Upper Campfire	SPONSOR'S EVENT at Tee Pee Heights			
9:00					
9:30				MUSICIAN'S	
10:00		i		CIRCLE at	
10:30 11:00	HANGING AT THE CAMPFIRE!	SMORES WITH TIMBER at Main Lodge	CAMPFIRE SINGALONG at Upper	Tee Pee	
11:30	Upper Campfire			Heights	
12:00		Campfire	Campfire		
12:30					
	TORRLE'S BACKYARD ASTRONOMY - After Dark, Clear Skies - Listen				
1:00	CAMPFIRES OUT! CAMPFIRES OUT!! CAMPFI				

he 26th	Monday the 27th		Tuesday the 28th	
AR SWIM!	POLAR BEAR SWIM!		POLAR BEAR SWIM!	7:00 7:30
FAST!	BREAKFAST!		BREAKFAST!	8:00
PIMIN	FREE TIME!		CLOSING CEREMONIES	9:00
TIME!			Group Photo @ Main Lodge!	9:30
ACTIVITIES/	Workshops AM 3	ACTIVITIES/ Lake Swim	PACK UP & CLEAN!	10:00 10:30 11:00
Trip			BUS TO TORONTO!	11:30 12:00
TIME!	LUNCH TIME!		With a stop at Webers for lunch! We promise, next year,	12:30
ACTIVITIES/ Watermelon Football	Staff vs Campers DODGEBALL S. Tennis Court	ACTIVITIES	we'll have the teleporter working!	1:00 1:30 2:00 2:30
VS. PREY	GEE WHIZ! IT'S THE CAMPWIDE GAME Meet at Main Lodge			3:00 3:30 4:00 4:30 5:00 5:30
TIME!	DINNER TIME!			6:00 6:30
	Cabin Skit Prep!			7:00
MPROV Iall	CABIN SKITS! Rec Hall			7:30 8:00
	Poetry Corner			9:00 9:30
ATOMIC LOUNGE at The Theatre	Movies!!!	Tomorrow- corp presents THE SONIC		10:00 10:30
at the theatre	In Tee Pee Heights	SOCKHOP at The Theatre		11:00 11:30 12:00
				12:30
Dinner Annour	cements for Det	ails!		water to the second state of the second state

# Workshops

	Saturday	Sunday	Monday
<b><i>п</i>МаКор</b> 4 12р)	Beginner's Poetry w/ Wotan Nature Hut	<b>Leatherworking*</b> w/ Yennix Main Lodge	Short Stories Workshop w/ Rikoshi Location TBD
<b>А.М. Workshop</b> (10a-12p)	Ears & Tails* w/ Loopy Arts & Crafts Cabin	Songwriting & Music in General w/ Potoroo Nature Hut	*Materials fee, See description
uopa	Advanced Poetry w/ Wotan Nature Hut	Ears + Tails Cont'd* w/ Loopy Arts & Crafts Cabin	
<b>Р.М. Worhshop</b> (1p-3p)	<b>Beginner's Art</b> w/ Hiker & Torrle Main Lodge	Furry World Creation w/ Rikoshi Nature Hut	
P.M.	<b>Leatherworking*</b> w/ Yennix Main Lodge	Character Design w/ Grimal Main Lodge	

## Ants

REGINNER'S ART

with Hiker & Torrle
1:00p Sat @ Main Lodge
Basic drawing practices and technique! Hiker and Torrle have been artists in the furry community for well over a decade! Learn from two of the hest!

CHARACTER DESIGN
with GT Skunkrat
1:00p Sun @ Main Lodge
Feral! 2012 Only!! GT Skunkrat (aka
Grimal) guides you through several
methods of designing a character!

## <u>Crafts</u>

#### LEATHERWORKING

with Yennix

1:00p Sat/10:00a Sun @ Main Lodge Once again designed and led by Feral's master leatherworker, Yennix, this year's project goes back to the hasics: a collar! Materials fee TBA.

## EARS & TAILS

with Loopy

10:00a Sat/1:00p Sun @ Arts & Crafts Feral's classic 'fursuiting' workshop! Head to the Arts & Crafts Cabin for a workshop led by Feral's charismatic resident workshop instructor, Loopy! Learn the basics of making ears or tails...and make one while learning! Materials fee varies, \$5-\$20.

## Writing & Poetry

SHORT STORY WORKSHOP with Rikoshi

10:00a Monday, Location TBA

Rikoshi and two writers will discuss stories they submitted for this special workshop. If you are interested in attending as an observer, please ask Rikoshi for permission! Monday morning at 10 am, location to be decided by the workshop attendees.

## FURRY WORLD CREATION

with Rikoshi

1:00p Sunday @ Nature Hut

A Feral! original and tradition since 2003! The process of creating a furry universe led by Rikoshi (Thousand Leaves, Seventh Chakra) An interactive round-table going over the various aspects of a world – culture, clothing, politics – and how a furry world might look! A creative experiment no writer would want to miss!

SONGWRITING
8 MUSIC IN GENERAL
with Potoroo
10:00a Sunday @ Nature Hut
With examples from his
library of favourite songs,
Potoroo moderates a chat
about what makes a good

song and how to write one yourself!
Questions about the industry (publishing, marketing, what labels do, how to distribute your music...) ask away! He can draw on his years of experience!

#### BEGINNER'S POETRY

with Wotan

10:00a Saturday @ Nature Hut

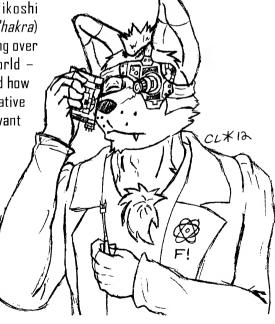
An interactive discussion on the basics of poetry, led and moderated by Wotan!

#### ADVANCED POETRY

with Wotan

1:00p Saturday @ Nature Hut

Wotan continues the conversation from the Beginners' class, stepping into more complicated aspects of poetry.





## Schedule of Events

## Friday

DINNER & ANNOUNCEMENTS

Main Lodge 6:00p

Kick off Feral! with an awesome meal and both Camp Arowhon and Camp Feral's opening announcements. Please note: important rules and regulations will be announced...not being attendance doesn't mean you don't have to follow them!

#### DRIIM JAM

Upper Campfire 8:00p

Head to the Upper Campfire and join the jam! Meet new furs and see old friends by the fire in a clearing in the woods!

## HANGING AT THE CAMPFIRE

Upper Campfire 9:30p

Tell stories, have some drinks, and enjoy the company! A nice relaxing start to Feral!

#### GAMES IN THE MAIN LODGE

Main Lodge Late Nite!

Find gamer extraordinaire, The Insane Foxx, in the Main Lodge if you're lookin' for a game to play! He brings his skillz honed at other Canadian cons, especially What The Fur in Montreal, to Algonquin Park in 2012. Up late, every night!

## Saturday

POLAR REAR SWIM

North Swim Dock 7:00a

Have trouble waking up? Join Crono for a blast of cool water to get your day started right! Better than coffee!

#### **OPENING CEREMONIES**

Main Lodge 8:45a

After breakfast, experience Camp Feral's traditional Opening Ceremonies. We raise this year's flag, introduce the Guest of Honour...and that's it! We don't want to take up all your camp time with talking...get to it!!

#### DRIENTATION

Meet at Main Lodge 9:00a

If it's your first year, this is a great way to get to know camp! Potoroo will lead a short tour showing off all four corners of the site, identifying important buildings, and babbling stories about Feral's past!

#### VOYAGEUR CANDE TRIP

Meet at Main Lodge 10:00a

Ever paddled a canoe? Not like this one, you haven't! The Voyageur Canoe holds up to 25 people, and a short paddle & hike up the ridge opposite Camp offers a view of Feral! that's unlike any other. An Arowhon

tradition! Sign up ASAP at Main Lodge so we know you're coming!

#### AROWHON ACTIVITIES

Various Locations & Times

Activities facilitated by Camp Arowhon include boating, swimming, archery, climbing, and many others! Listen at mealtimes to hear which activities are open each day!

SATURDAY MORNING WORKSHOPS Various Locations 10:00a (See workshop schedule on page 12)

#### WATERMELON FOOTBALL

South Swim Dock 1:00p

Questionably the strangest thing we ask you to do at Feral! Part water polo, part fruit salad, part ridiculous show for onlookers: teams try to move a slippery watermelon to the opposing team's goal. Not to be missed!

SATURDAY AFTERNOON WORKSHOPS Various Locations 1:00p (See workshop schedule on page 12)

#### MONFUR MELEE

Soccer Field 3:30p

The MonFurs return again with their Melee! A Live Action Battle Game that will get you moving and test your imagination!!

#### TRADING POST

Main Lodge 6:45p

Our 'Dealer's Den' open in the Main Lodge from 6:45 to 8:30. Pick up



conbadge commissions, books, and Feral! merch (including our legendary hoodies!)

SPONSORS' EVENT TeePee Heights 8:30p

Sponsors and Patrons get a special event as a thank you for their help! Hang with the Guest of Honour, sample tasty cheeses, and of course be there for the champagne toast around 9:00!! Don't forget to try some of Papa Goyle's 2012 batch of 'Roo Brew'!

SMORES WITH TIMBEHR

Main Lodge Campfire 10:00p
Timbehr experiments with the
concept of 'Graham Cracker,
Chocolate and Marshmallow' in

this first time event that's sure to become a tradition! Come down, try a combination and FAT!

CAMPFIRE SINGALONG Upper Campfire 10:00p

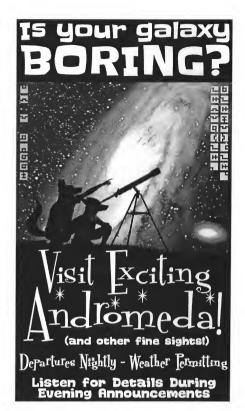
Come sing along to some of your favourite songs, both old and new, at this camp tradition!

TORRLE'S BACKYARD ASTRONOMY Location TBA, After Dark

Gaze at the stars with some friends! Torrle will lead this excursion to space (weather permitting) on clear nights!!

GAMES IN THE MAIN LODGE Main Lodge Late Nite! Find gamer extraordinaire, The





Insane Foxx, in the Main Lodge if you're lookin' for a game to play! He brings his skillz honed at other Canadian cons, especially What the Fur in Montreal, to Algonquin Park in 2012!

## Sunday

POLAR BEAR SWIM
North Swim Dock 7:00a
Have trouble waking up? Join Crono
for a blast of cool water to get your
day started right!

HALF-DAY CANDE TRIP
Meet at Main Lodge 10:00a
If there are enough interested furs,
there will be a canoe trip across the
lake to visit the wilderness! Sign up
sheet will be posted at Main Lodge!



#### AROWHON ACTIVITIES

**Various Locations & Times** 

Activities facilitated by Camp Arowhon include boating, swimming, archery, climbing, and many others! Listen at mealtimes to hear which activities are open each day!

SUNDAY MORNING WORKSHOPS Various Locations 10:00a (See workshop schedule on page 12)

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South Swim Dock 1:00p

Questionably the strangest thing we ask you to do at Feral! Part water polo, part fruit salad, part ridiculous show for onlookers: teams try to move a slippery watermelon to the opposing team's goal. Not to be missed!

SUNDAY AFTERNOON WORKSHOPS Various Locations 1:00p (See workshop schedule on page 12)

#### PREDATOR VS PREY

Meet at Main Lodge 3:30p

A Feral! and Arowhon Tradition: herbivores chase grass...omnivores chase herbivores...and carnivores chase both! A campwide game that will bring you closer to nature...literally!

#### FURRY IMPROV!

Rec Hall 7:00p

Feral's most popular event since 2004! See experienced furry

improvisers make fools of themselves, and join them, as they play out ridiculous situations that YOU give them!

#### THE ATOMIC LOUNGE

New Theatre 8:30p

Back by popular demand! Enjoy some of your favourite songs and chill at the new theatre as we bring back what used to be called 'the MP3 Dance'! A scaled-down version of our crazy Monday night DJ Dance, featuring DJ's Dakk, Ash and Yennix!

## MUSICIAN'S CIRCLE & OPEN MIC

TeePee Heights 8:30p

The new and improved Musician's Circle and Open Mic continues! Enjoy musical performances, suggest songs that you can sing along to, bring some drinks and enjoy our Ontario version of a kitchen party!

#### TORRLE'S BACKYARD ASTRONOMY Location TBA. After Dark

Gaze at the stars with some friends! Torrle will lead this excursion to space (weather permitting) on clear nights!!

## GAMES IN THE MAIN LODGE

Main Lodge Late Nite!

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## Monday

POLAR BEAR SWIM
North Swim Dock 7:00a
Have trouble waking up? Join Crono
for a blast of cool water to get your
day started right!

#### LAKE SWIM

Meet at South Swim Dock 10:00a
Watch, or join in, the infamous Lake
Swim! Yup, furs swim ACROSS the
lake, and swim back too! If you'd like
to join in please sign up at Main Lodge.
If you'd like to help out as a canoe
spotter, let us know as well so we can
keep all the swimmers safe!!

MONDAY MORNING WORKSHOPS Various Locations 10:00a (See workshop schedule on page 12)

STAFF VS. CAMPERS DODGEBALL
Main Lodge Tennis Courts 1:00p
Here's your chance to get the staff
back for...whatever we did! Pelt us
with dodgeballs, though be warned:
we return fire!! Campers have won
each year except 2010...can you
defend your crown??

#### **CAMPWIDE GAME**

Meet at Main Lodge 3:30p

Kept under wraps for over 50 years,
Tomorrowcorp! have a special secret
challenge for you. Are you up to it...or
has the future left you behind?!?



Regular commissions and awasome swag are there too

CABIN SKITS!! Rec Hall 7:30o

You've been training for days. Devoting every last moment to honing your craft. And now...at the last minute...you can make it up on the fly and jump on stage!!! The most dreaded...yet probably most memorable...part of Camp Feral! Don't worry...the staff will be doing it too!

#### POFTRY CORNER

Main Lodge Campfire 9:00p

Bring your favourite poem, or one you wrote in the workshop! Hear great poems recited and join in the fun. Oh yah...there'll be COFFEE!!

#### TOMORROWCORP PRESENTS: THE SONIC SOCKHOP! New Theatre 9:00p

Dance the night away at the amazing New Theatre, great tunes from some of Feral's most talented DJs! Twist, do the Watusi...whatever gets the jitterbug in you goin!

Yennix: 9:30-11 (Massive DnB) Potoroo: 11-12 (GenreF\*\*k)

Miami: 12-1 (Danceable Delectables) Dakk: 1-2?? (Clubhouse Beats)

#### MOVIES

Tee Pee Heights 10:00p

We'll be showing some movies, including FUTURECAMP! in Tee Pee Heights for those wanting to chill after a crazy week!

#### TORRLE'S BACKYARD ASTRONOMY Location TBA. After Dark

Gaze at the stars with some friends! Torrle will lead this excursion to space (weather permitting) on clear nights!!

GAMES IN THE MAIN LODGE Main Lodge Late Nite!

## Tucsday

CLOSING CEREMONIES & GROUP PHOTO Main Lodge After Breakfast

We bring down the flag, take a group pic of all your new furry friends, then head to cabins to pack up! Remember...take only pictures, and leave only footprints!! ...actually, clean up your footprint too...we love Arowhon, let's keep it pretty!

#### PACK UP & CLEAN Your Cabin 9:30a

You will be given instructions on how to leave your cabin, so the fine folks at Arowhon don't have too much to do after we go! (Hint: sweep up, and don't leave anything behind! Check behind beds...things get lost there!)

#### BUS TO TORONTO! 11:00a SHARP!!

The bus leaves for Toronto at 11:00. There will be a delicious stop at Webers on the way back for nomburgers!!





# All The Future's Stars

by Patrick "Bahumat" Rochefort

"You were born to inherit the future." my father told me, as his paws ran the buffing cloth over the silvery nosecone of his rocketship.

I was seven years old, the day he promised me that. The studio prop room had been a special, birthday treat. It was a sacred place, a forbidden place, at that age for me. It was a cluttered, magical place full of props, lights, rigging, and the great blue hulk of the Kinescope taking up half the room.

"Uh-huh. I'm gonna be a space-man, papa!" I said.

"And fly away in a rocketship, Samuel?" he asked, as he lifted me up onto the counter, and handed me the buffing cloth.

"And see the moon, and the stars!"

"They're all yours, Samuel. One day."

Two years before, my father had returned from the Korean war a changed man. My mother said he had changed for the better. He had seen the present, writ large over the face of Korea, and had turned hopefully towards the future. He'd seen misery and suffering, and the unspeakable. And he wanted none of that for himself anymore, none of that for his family.

He wasn't a mining man; my mother deathly afraid of the new mines being dug, expanded, the stink of the Sudbury smelter. So she forbade him to work the nickle and stone, to go down into those dark holes where she might never see him return. My father took it in stride; he'd braved war and terror, unemployment was a fright too small to faze him.

Sudbury's first television station, CKSO-TV, began broadcasting their test pattern September 20th, 1953. My father, my mother, and five-year-old me, had joined the throng in front of 2nd Avenue Appliances, to see the indian head and funny patterned crosses. CKSO - COMING SOON! read the great banner over the window.

"I'm going to get a job there." my father declared.

Two hours later, he did exactly that; marched in through the doors, talked to Mr. George Miller. And that's how he came to be employed in Sudbury's first television station; prop-master, set constructor and decorator, Kinescope operator, and everything else that needed fixing, patching, or building for the

shows that day.

"Television's the future." he said over supper that night. "No more hockey by the radio. You'll be able to \*see\* the Leafs! Like they get in Toronto. Samuel, there will be shows for children, too!"

I nodded dutifully over my peas, but like all the boys my age then, my imagination had been fired up by the rash of UFO sightings that summer. The newspapers breathless exclamations: "Seen your Saucer Today?" "That 'Thing' Is Back Again In Sudbury Sky!" had kept the town talking, and finding them sounded better than some silly children's show. I'd never seen a UFO myself, but Todd's father swore he'd raced one along the highway, and he was only a little drunk then. That was a tablet from the hands of Moses as far as our imaginations were concerned.

A month after my father was hired, the station switched from test pattern to live broadcasting. Friends, family, and a live orchestra crowded into the little studio for the first broadcast. The grown-ups remained excited about the prospect of television news and soap operas; and the children spoke excitedly of rumours of Howdy Doody.

But one title had been whispered in my ear, by my winking father, earlier that day. And not the live orchestra, the singers, or the entire party atmosphere, could hold a candle to my excitement. Two magic words.

"Space Command".

It was everything I could have dreamed. Every Friday night at 6, the television was undeniably, gloriously mine. I would sit, bucket-helmet on, tin ray-gun in one hand, my tail white-knuckled in the other, as Captain Frank Anderson toured through the Ministries of Space, piloted his spaceship, and rescued his comrades. James Doohan as Phil Mitchell! Andrew Anthony as Dr. Joseph Edmunds! Sometimes, a young, funny-talking guy, William Shatner. You might have heard of him.

I would watch, and the next day, every glorious Saturday of summer, I and every school-age boy in the neighbourhood would be out with our homemade jetpacks and spacesuits, ray-guns and helmets, goggles. We would play Martians. The rocky ground of the town could be every lunar crater, every strange, hostile planet we needed.

We flew. We battled alien menaces, rescued little sisters. We scanned the night sky for UFOs, swearing to each other that we'd capture one, that we'd show the Americans and make them jealous, and then we'd ray-gun all the commies' big fur hats.

And two years later, on my seventh birthday, my father sat me down in his lap, and handed me the buffing cloth and all-too-familiar rocketship. The same

rocketship I'd seen every Friday night on our television screen. By then, my father had become a talented production artist, well respected by the station and by others in the CBC. He'd pioneered ideas like pushing an aquarium in Iront of the camera for underwater scenes.

When the Space Command production crew in Toronto had written him his advice on how to emulate a spacewalk, he'd written back with his idea to paint a sawhorse black and plant it in front of the black sequined curtains. It provided an invisible platform with a starry background for the actors. And they'd used it, to great critical success.

His reward, and my birthday gift, that gleaming tin rocket, held reverent in my hand.

Time moved on, of course. Color TV came in 1963; I was 15 years old, by then. Star Trek came three years later, and with it came my choice of university major: Astronomy. My parents were proud. They never sniffed and asked what good it was to look at stars? Dad knew.

It became our Christmas tradition, a gift of subscription to each other, my father and I. Fantasy & Science Fiction Magazine. 12 issues a year. They would arrive, we'd read, and a week or two later, the inevitable phone call. What stories were great. Which were terrible. Which would make fantastic television, movies, campfire stories. Which were science fact, and which were science fiction, and which were the heady blend of both that pointed the way to the future.

On the 20th of July, 1969, we camped out in Algonquin Park, right under neath the big dish of the radio observatory. We watched the great big dish slowly move, through the night; tracking the sounds of the stars by the tick of an atomic clock. Our little campfire toasted marshmallows, and offered thin smoke to the heavens. My wife was at home with the new baby. The Very Long Baseline Interferometry experiment, the core of my astronomy career, was a success. And right then, right at that moment, men were walking on the moon All was right with the world.

Dad took out his flask, shook it, and we passed it back and forth, while we watched the universe turn, through the mesh of the dish.

"You know, Samuel." began my father, his eyes rheumy and wet. Twenty years seemingly flew by in that moment, and I saw him then, as he was: An add dog, happy, moved by the grandeur of the future having swept up to meet him. "Science fiction... it's like writing your will. You write the story of the future you hope will be there for your children, after you're gone. You leave for them the world you've built, and you dream with them what that world can be."

"And now there's men on the moon." I replied.

"We put them there long before they landed." he pointed out. "We wrote them, filmed them there. And further. Like Star Trek. Like Space Command. That's as much of a fantasy as a will and testament, Samuel. One day we'll all be gone, all the work of our lives will pass, and the only thing of worth we'll have left our children is the future."

The next night, I set the old tin rocket on the highest shelf in the nursery. Then I kissed my infant daughter's forehead, marvelled at her tiny ears and nose, and whispered:

"Guess the future's yours now, kid."

\_\_\_

The author wishes to thank the following organizations for their tireless preservation of Canadian Science Fiction-related history and media, without whom this story would not have been possible:

The Canadian Communications Foundation

CKSO.com by McCann & Cambrian E-Media Services

The South Side Story (Sudbury)

The Sudbury Star

Queen's University Dept of Film Studies (Kingston)

The AV Trust Foundation, through The Academy of Canadian Cinema & Television

NOUFORS (North Ontario UFO Research and Study)

Every effort has been made to ensure the chronological accuracy of the elements of this story were accurate; any errors are humbly those of the author.

Space Command aired through 1953 and 1954, and paved the way for many future science-fiction stories and series. James Doohan and William Shatner began their science fiction careers with this low-budget children's show, which remained the most popular piece of children's programming in Canada during it's airing.

A rash of UFO sightings occurred throughout the Sudbury-Algonquin area at the same time; whether fevered imaginations or extraterrestrial incursion or cold war politics had any hand in this, is unknown. Over twenty sightings in the summers of 1953 through 1955 were recorded and publicized.

The Algonquin Park Radio Observatory was the first radio telescope to demonstrate the Very Long Basline Interferometry technique, in 1967. This breakthrough technique opened allowed for vastly increased sensitivity in radio observatory, and is the foundation of most modern astronomy to this day. For tours of the Algonquin Park Radio Observatory, please see their website:

http://www.arocanada.com/ARO/tours.htm





www.fureh.ca



# Nayo 2.0

Worse than the agony of having his neck snapped was the agony of defeat. After all, having his neck snapped had taken only a moment. The shame of defeat would last forever.

Nayo thought about the past few days, and how it had all come to this. Ilis would-be coup, with the green ooze and the crazy campers and the loyal, loyal underlings had been a sure thing—a sure thing, that is, until Pawnee rallied the sane ones, who managed to call in backup from the Canadian authorities. Against such opposition, Nayo's forces had abandoned him, even the loyal Rikoshi (who, in his crazed state, couldn't decide if he was turning into a fox or a skunk).

And so Nayo had been captured, put on a mockery of a 'trial,' and summar ily executed by order of Potoroo. One quick snap, and it was all over.

But then, foolish Potoroo had made his biggest mistake: ordering that Nayo be brought back to life via the Resurrectionator or the Necronomotron or the Life-o-Matic<sup>TM</sup> or whatever the heck it was called. Restored to life, Nayo pretended to be the sweet, innocent sheep returned to the flock, knowing that the fools would let their guards down and trust him.

Tricking Timber and Growler into entering the Transmogrification Combinatrix had been all too easy. Granted, Growler had only recently had his mind restored to normal, and was therefore suffering from an "animal hangover," making him quite subject to suggestion. A few bits of technobabble about refreshing the neural pathways and enhancing emotive cognizance had convinced Timber to throw the switch—

—and thus was born the Grumbler, the hideous two-headed monstrosity that would be the key to Nayo's revenge. Nayo wasn't sure how—not yet but this time, oh yes, he would emerge victorious.

And he would need suffer the agony of defeat no longer.

Potoroo watched, stroking his chin as he made let March and Zabbu dig through the cramped and narrow ice tunnel. Through here, according to Yennix, was another supply of super-advanced Canadian technology, left behind in a sort of time capsule by the forerunners of Feral from decades past. With a big chunk of his staff either evil or having been transmorphed into terrifying monstrosities, Potoroo needed every edge he could get to make sure that camp went ahead smoothly and as scheduled.

Oh, and getting his friends back to normal would be nice.

"Are you sure this is down here?" March asked. "I think this is just a snowdrift." She paused, then looked behind herself. "Also, why aren't you digging?"

"I'm coordinating," Potoroo explained. "And yes, I'm sure it's here. The TechnoScope 3000 says so." He lifted up the device in one hand, which looked like a cross between a Geiger counter and that thing Scientologists use to check your Thetans, and maybe also that thing from *Ghostbusters*. "So keep digging. It can't be much further."

As it turned out, it was much further. But that didn't matter to Potoroo much, as he wasn't the one doing the digging. He had time to rest and snack on energy bars while watching lights and dials change and jump and whatnot on his high-end detector unit.

A few hours later, March and Zabbu finally broke through the snow and ice to reveal a large, sturdy metal door. As they both collapsed from exhaustion, shovels and ice picks falling atop themselves, Potoroo stepped up to the huge door. On cue, a small panel in the metal opened up, and a red beam of light waved across his eyes.

"RETINAL SCAN CONFIRMED. WELCOME, FUTURE CON CHAIR."

Potoroo was impressed that they'd somehow known, ages and ages ago, that he'd be the one to come here, and had somehow also been able to program their security measures to recognize him. That was the great



thing about future technology from the past—it didn't matter if it made sense, only that it was awesome.

Creating the Grumbler had been one thing. Controlling it, unfortunately, had been another. As it turned out, in this case, two heads were not better than one. Something about being turned into an amalgamated abomination unto science and nature alike apparently drove people insane or something.

Still, so long as it was on the rampage, the Grumbler would serve Nayo's purposes. Heck, maybe it would eat Solez or someone. In the meantime, though, Nayo needed a second-in-command that could think and act and most importantly—follow orders.

Vaporizing Rikoshi with the Swiss Army Pocket Disintegrator had been easy (and the look on his face before he was vaporized had been hilarious). Irickier was working the magnetic bubble-sphere to gather up his component atoms and feed them into the Biometric Dissolution Matrix. Once that was done, though, it was just a few button-presses and switch-flicks to do the rest, followed by yanking the big chain hanging from the ceiling to seal the deal.

From inside the glass cylinder stepped not Rikoshi, but Nayo's devinous alteration of him—Rikky Minaj, mega-fabulous sublicutenant of Nayo's soon-to-be army. His drab, graying hair had been replaced by shiny locks of bright pink, and his terrible clothing sense replaced with a flair for fashion that would make any designer or drag queen jealous.

Rikky greeted Nayo by snapping his fingers in a Z. "What is thy bidding, mistress?" he asked.

Nayo grinned and steepled his fingers.

In the secret techno-lair hidden beneath Teepee Heights, the Gruodler bumbled and stumbled and tumbled. Driven mad by its own existence, the thing that had once been two people was now sort of one-and-a-half people, and it clearly didn't know what it wanted or how to go about doing it. Which was, to say the least, an inconvenience.

Luckily for Camp Arowhon (and less so for Nayo), the Grumbler's residual madness from its creation prevented it from recognizing or understanding many of the intricate pieces of technology hidden away in that vault beneath Teepee Heights, including the Photon Web ScatterGun, the Flame-X Firepult Siege Engine, and—most importantly—the emergency self-destruct device for Algonquin Provincial Park.

With all of the fumbling and thrashing, however, there were some other devices that did get accidentally activated by the Grumbler, like the Raveo-Lux™ 2112 Future Discosphere and the Guitaromatic Automatic Guitar. So hey, if people survived, at least there'd be music and dancing. And maybe it might even be good!

Still trying to wrestle control over its own body, the Grumbler staggered out of Teepee Heights and through the lovely, nature-filled Canadian wilderness (which you should all really come and visit sometime if you haven't).

March and Zabbu lay unconscious, recuperating in a protein gel-bath far beneath Canada's icy crust as Potoroo explored the vast trove of past future technology left to the staff by the Ferals of long ago. It was all so much to take in at once: beakers and pipes bubbled and frothed with all the colors of the rainbow (but *just* those colors; it was all very primary); electric coils zapped at the air at random intervals, and various floating plates and discs wafted by as Potoroo walked from one end of the chamber to the other.

As he approached the far wall, Potoroo stopped as the air crackled with a low hum, and then, in the empty space before him, a holographic shape materialized out of thin air from whirring projectors that emerged from the wall.

The shape it took was a familiar one—once Potoroo's most promising CIT.



"Greetings, Potoroo. I am N.A.Y.D."

"Navo?"

"Close," the hologram replied. "You need to pronounce it like 'N.A.Y.O.' so that the speaker can tell it's an acronym without actually spelling out the letters."

"How are you here? Who put you here?"

"I am an artificial intelligence that has been built to serve as a guide and assistant. Is there something I can do for you, Potoroo?"

Potoroo stared around the room, then back at the holographic projection. "Wow, the old crew really did think of everything," he said. "What exactly do we have down here? What might actually make sure that the camp runs smoothly this year?"

N.A.Y.O. smiled brightly. "Would you like me to give you a guided tour?" he asked.

"That would be great," Potoroo replied. "Wow. You're polite, courtenus, and helpful. Like the complete opposite of the real Nayo!"

The real Nayo hummed thoughtfully as the Grumbler came trundling back, scattered bits of old technology spilling from its clumsy, meaty hands. It appeared that it had brought back nothing but a bunch of junk, and Nayo spat on the floor in disgust at his horrible creation's failure.

One small, metallic cylinder caught his eye, though. "Rikky Minaj." he barked. "That device. Bring it to me."

"At once," Rikky replied, snapping his fingers before flouncing over to the Grumbler and plucking the cylinder from its grasp. "It appears to be some kind of teleportation device, mistress." He furrowed his brow and looked at it more closely. "However, I believe it is currently malfunctioning."

"Malfunctioning how?" Nayo demanded.

"If I had to guess, I would say that it can take people apart, but not put them back together again, mistress."

A smile spread across Nayo's lips, and then that grin grew into a chuckle, and then that chuckle became a cackle. "Oh, excellent. Excellent!"

Rikky Minaj flashed his commander a look. "What is it, mistress?"

But Nayo didn't say anything. He just let out another laugh and folded his hands together, savoring the moment. Now he had a terrible monster, a fabulous assistant, and a mass disintegrator. The pieces had all come together.

There would be nothing to stop him this time.





## Staff n' Stuff

























TIMBEHR













## Thank You!!

To this year's Friends of Feral, Hiker and Loopy! Feral! would be a different beast, and much worse off, if you hadn't helped us out so much through the years! Thank you for your dedication to this strange little camp, we appreciate it!

To Max and the staff at Camp Arowhon. I honestly don't think we could put in words how much your support and participation means to us. Probably without even knowing it, you have all become a huge part of our strange little community, and everything you do is appreciated by everyone!

To everyone who sent in art and stories based on this year's theme. You helped develop the concept of 'Futurecamp!' as much as we did!

To Keagan, for stepping in as we stared at a big piece of wood and cutting it with your chainsaw. What took us a year to start took you a few minutes to finish!

To the Feral! Regulars Deuce, Miami, Branwyn, Dralen and Halex for EVERYTHING. You guys take care of all the stuff we can't, so super thanks!

A big thank you to Olefin. Your skill and dedication made the off-season work. Futurecamp! would have stayed a goofy idea without your help, and your contributions to Feral as a whole have been great! Also big thanks to EvilBirdie for the help, especially during the shoot at Camp Arowhon!

Our pals at Condition Furry, Furnal Equinox and What The Fur for being such good neighbours. It's been a fun con season, looking forward to 2013!

Our pals at Abando for keeping the outdoor furry con experience alive way... way...way south of the border in Brazil! See you in 2013 for your 6th year!

And of course, to Timber, who couldn't be here because of her everlasting battle with her nemesis, Mr. Froggy. We all know you're the true mastermind behind Feral! And that's not 'ballshit.'



## WHEN CAMP ENDS THE FUN CONTINUES







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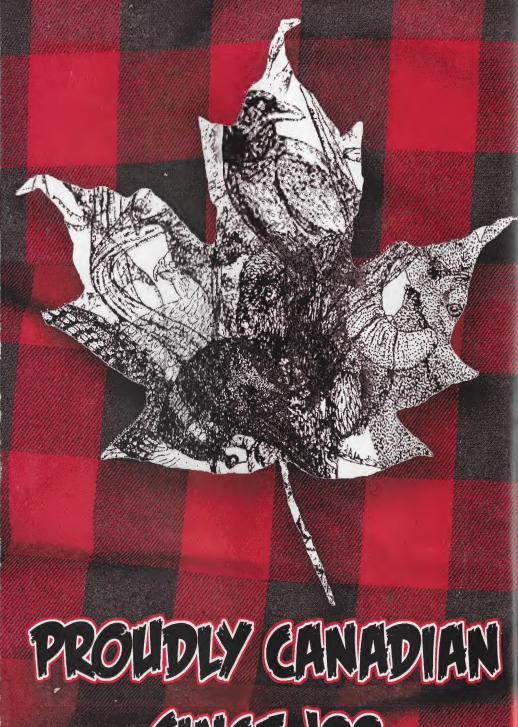
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-Rikoshi

...and brandy?

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